

Life



OCTOBER 9, 1924

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SILVERTOWN CORDS . . . COMMANDER CORDS . . . "55" FABRIC

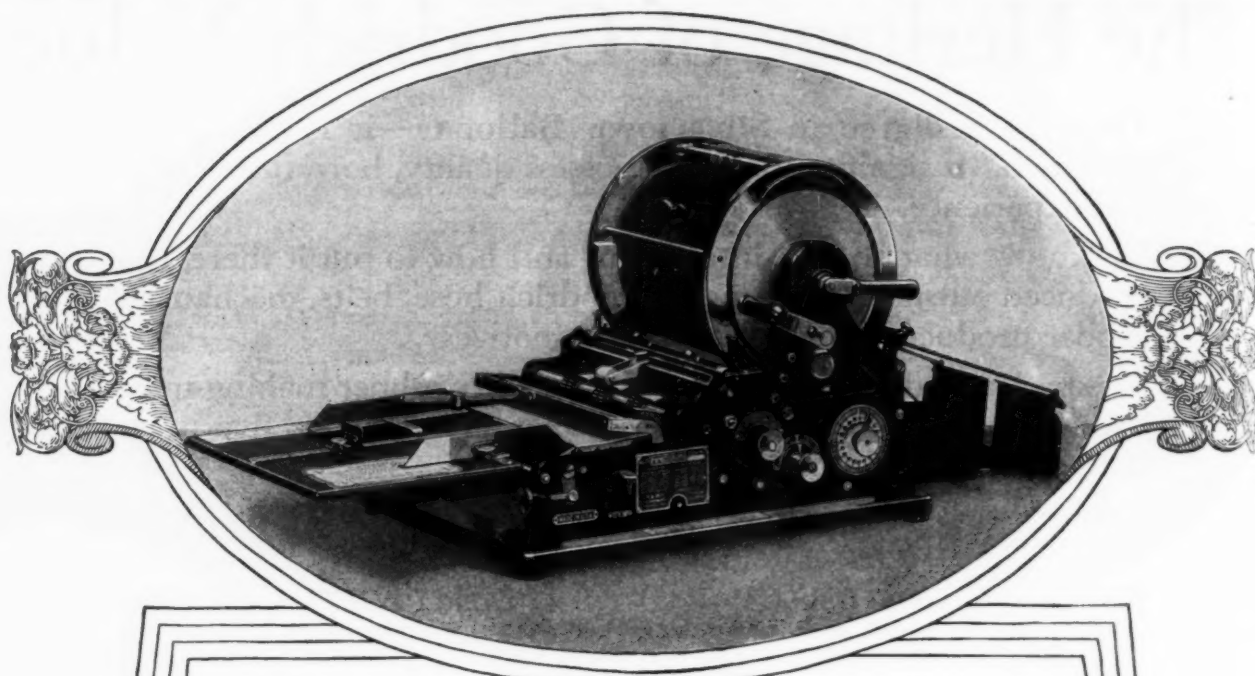
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MIMEOGRAPH

Life

The Haberdasher

YOUR Brawny Smith or Baggage-Smasher

Would scorn to be the Haberdasher
Who sells Pajamas, Gloves and Things
That Groundlings call "Men's Furnishings";

Who lures away your Dimes and Dollars

With Shirts, Mufflers, Braces, Collars

And Hats approved for Stylish Males
By H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

He shows a Waistcoat, falsely swearing

"That's what the Well-Dressed Man is Wearing!"

He takes a Scarf from off the Shelf
And says, "I have one on, Myself!"

And when his Patron laughs, "Well, Brother,

If that's the Case, I'll take the Other!"

He grins the Way Hyenas do,
As if the Ancient Quip were new!

Arthur Guiterman.

Editorials by Pollyanna

DR. HENRY J. COX says that his thirteen-month-year plan has the approval of the Catholic and Episcopal Churches. I think it is a wonderful idea. I am sure the Servant Girls' Union will add its approval to that of the churches.

* * *

Otto Meek of Salt Lake City is the nicest man I have heard about in a long time. He had \$3,000,000 worth of negotiable securities and he left them in a suitcase on the front seat of his automobile parked on Main Street. Mr. Meek returned an hour later and was surprised to find his securities missing. I think it is an outrage for a thief to rob a man who has such faith in human nature.

* * *

I have been reading about the nice things the different presidential candidates promise us. Wouldn't it be wonderful if they were all allowed to carry out their plans? They say two heads

are better than one. The White House is large; why not have three Presidents? Then all the parties would be happy and the different campaign funds could be given to the Senate for its investigating committees.

Robert G. Lisman.

Eight-Hour Delays

SHAW: The Bible says the laborer is worthy of his hire.

UPSHAW: Well, then, all I can say is that plumbers and bricklayers aren't what they used to be.



Taxi Driver: YA WANTED THE PENN STATION, DIDN'T YA?

"YAAS—THAT'S WHAT I SAID."

"WELL, YA BETTER STEP OUT FOR IT. I CAN'T BRING IT TO YA."



THE NEWER VOCATION

The Supervisor: AND WHAT WILL THIS LITTLE GIRL DO WHEN SHE GROWS UP?

The Little Girl: BE A BARBER.

The Modern Lochinvar

YOUNG Lochinvar came out of the West. As he spun along the road he laughed, thinking how astounded the wedding guests would be when he dashed into the church and made off with the bride.

As he entered the street wherein stood the church he noted that it was still early, and he was glad that he had given himself a safe margin in which to perfect his plans. He would leave his car without, hide himself in the church, and then at the right moment spring forward and seize the bride.

But the ceremony ended with the usual kisses and tears, and the bride and groom departed for the station amid the customary shower of shoes and rice, and Lochinvar had not put in an appearance.

A few minutes after the sexton had locked the doors of the church Lochinvar came running up, breathless and perspiring.

He had just found a place to park.

B. B.

Movie Mathematics

1 PRETTY moron is worth almost as much as 2 bathing scenes. 2 bathing scenes are worth almost as much as 3 bedroom scenes. 3 bedroom scenes are worth almost as much as 4 Babylonian spectacles. 4 Babylonian spectacles are worth almost as much as 5 good actresses. And 5 good actresses are worth almost as much as 1 pretty moron.

The Arms of Morpheus

THEY were discussing the nature of love.

"To me, love is Peace, Quiet, Tranquillity," said she.

"That's not love," said he. "That's sleep."

The Party Line

THEY had a collection at services last Sunday to buy clothes for th' heathen. Th' parson's wife set in th' pew wearin' th' same hat she's had fer three years an' tried not to look self-conscious.

"Bill Way wuz to Washington last month an' had supper at Congressman Smith's. He says he won't never vote fer him again. They had them finger bowls at table an' Bill says this is a democratic country an' th' Constitution's again' sech nonsense.

"Ed May's wife made him have his flivver painted bright blue so's she could hear where it wuz parked every time he went to town.

"I hear tell thet th' strangers thet took th' ole Graham farm had nigh a boxful of books when they moved in. Folks had better be careful in their dealin's with them.

"Joe Toole's gettin' to be an atheist. I think. T'other day he says to me, 'I notice them folks thet talks most

about trustin' in th' ways of th' Lord is allus th' first to spread fertilizer in their fields.'

"May Ellis is again' this bobbed hair th' girls is wearin'. She says she can't never tell whether her son, Pete, was out drivin' with thet there Fay girl, there bein' no hairpins on th' front seat ennyway."

James K. McGuinness.

Lesson in Politics

TEACHER: What is this Dawes Plan?

YOUNG AMERICA: Please, sir, I think it is to elect Coolidge.



FOOL-PROOF HAT CHECKS

To Chloe

On Her Threat of a Breach-of-Promise Suit

CHLOE, I'm grieved that a being so rational
Ever should postulate such a redress!
What, you'd relinquish my glowingly passionate
Soul to the crudely omnivorous press?
That is to say, all my amative letters you'd
Offer as proof that I couldn't be better sued?

Ah, that a heart which confided so trustingly
Now should discover its every throb;
Exquisite beauty and fervor, disgustingly
Flung to the gaze of the clamorous mob!
What can I say to such heartless duplicity?
Shoot, gentle maiden, I need the publicity!

Gardner Rea.

A Kick Concerning Kolumbus

TO the Editor of LIFE:

I wish to protest against the observance of Columbus Day this year, or any other year. From the evidence available, and there is only too much of it, it seems unquestionable that Christopher Columbus was neither Nordic, Protestant nor One Hundred Per Cent. American.

In the circumstances it cannot be possible to hold him up as an example to the youth of this land.

Yours irefully, K. K. K.

Why Not?

"WELL, my lad," spake the bearded physician, "I find you are suffering from an assorted crop of suppressed desires. You are also the fortunate possessor of three types of complex: superior, inferior and ulterior. Your thyroid gland is slightly out of focus, while neurologically your reactions are poor, very poor. I find definite traces of dual personality and chronic melancholia. You live in a dream world and are mixed up in five or six interlocking personalities, including the Scandinavian. I think you are perfectly safe. Go ahead. Good luck. No jury in Denmark will convict you."

"Thanks, Doc," gratefully answered Hamlet. "Do you know where I can have a dagger sharpened?"

Arthur L. Lippmann.

Charity at Home

SMALL Natalie was picking over her toys to fill a basket for some poor children. Suddenly she held up a little book.

"Mother," she cried, "here's *Aesop's Fables*! May I give it away? Any little child would just love it. I *hate* it!"

The Realist

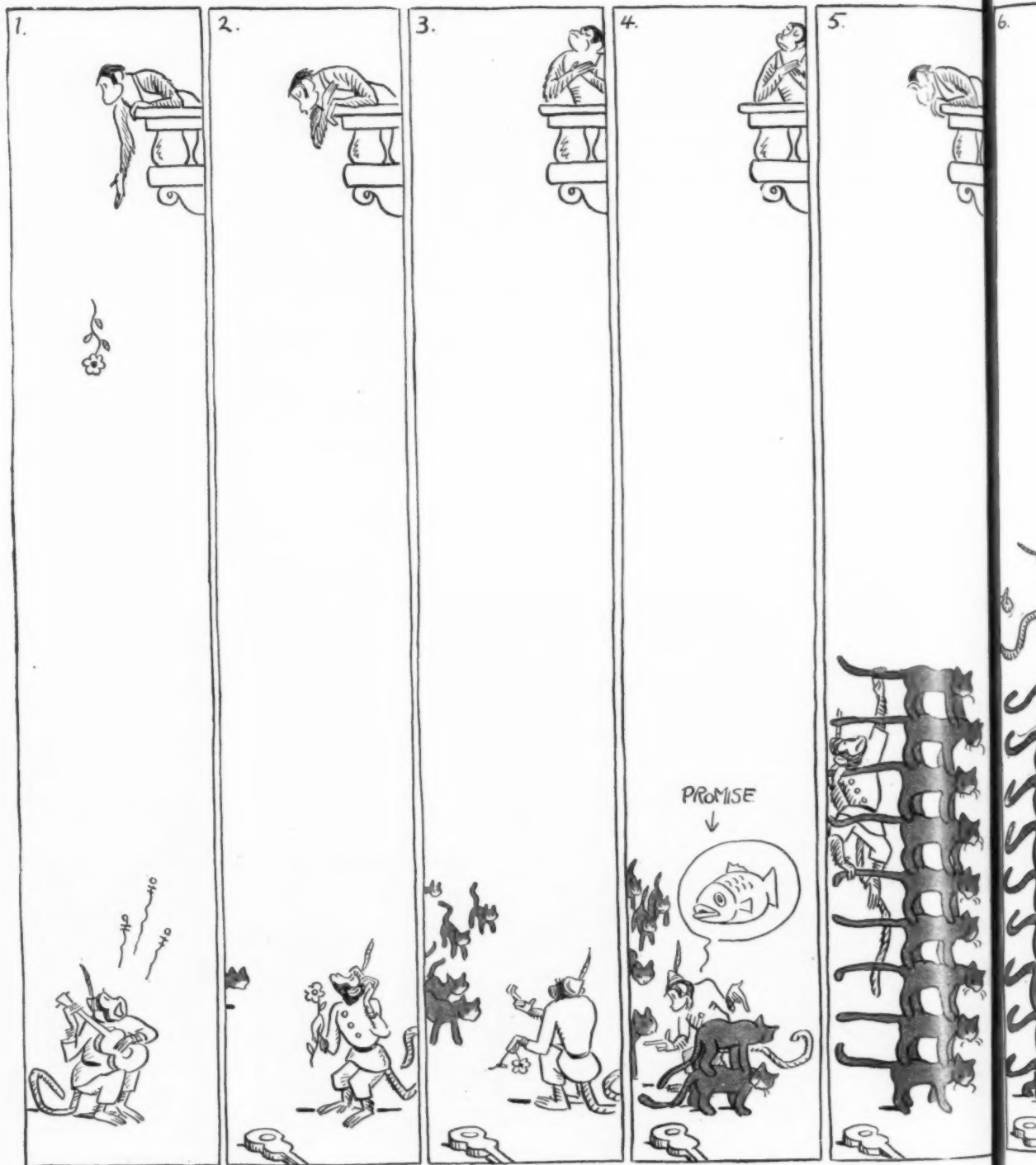
NURSE: You should beg your little brother's pardon.
JIMMIE: Aw, he ain't old enough to have one.



"BUT ISN'T THAT AN AWFULLY HIGH PRICE?—WHY ARE APPLES SO EXPENSIVE?"

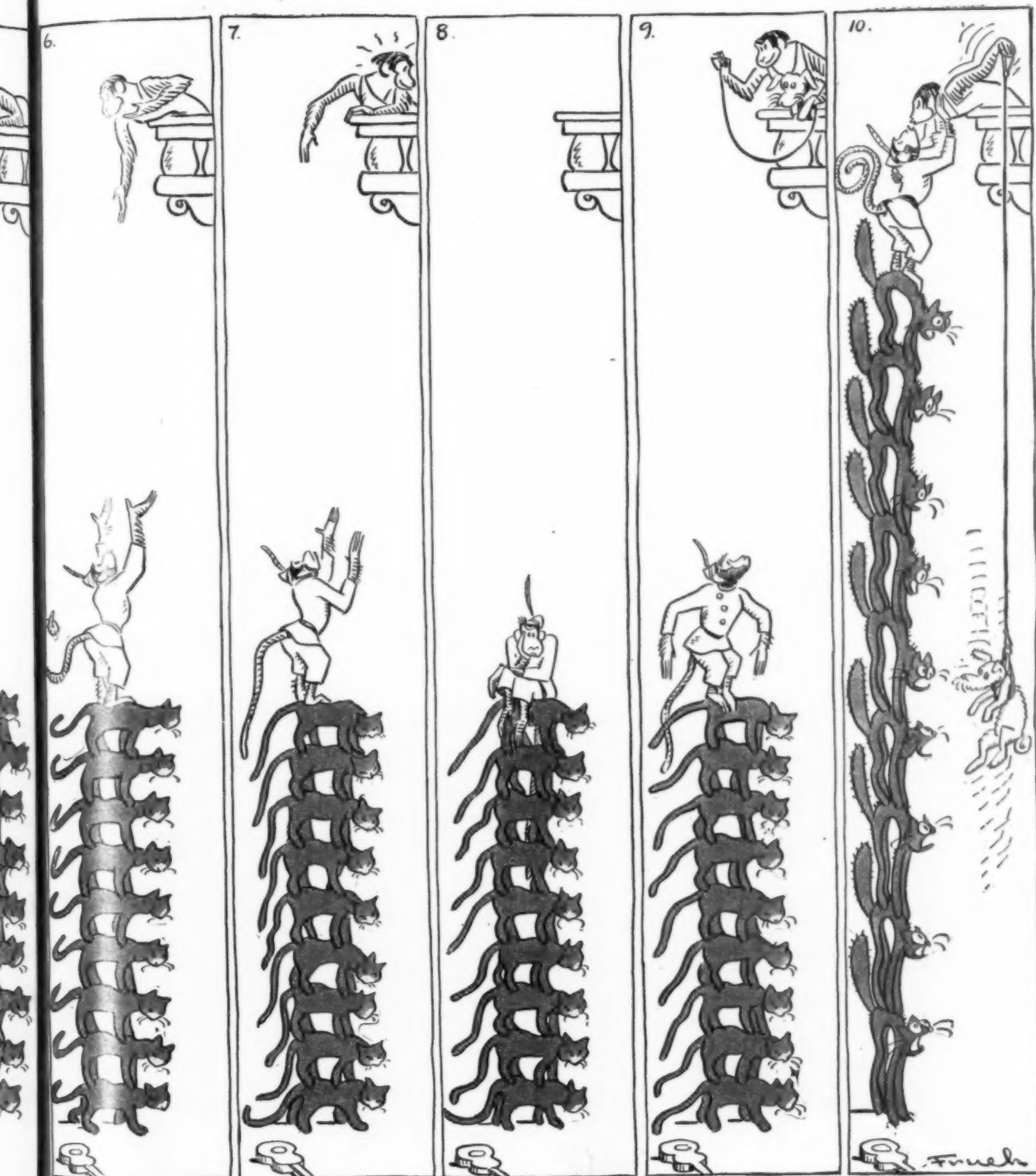
"WELL, MA'AM, I MIGHT SAY—FOR ENTOMOLOGICAL, METEOROLOGICAL AND—AH—SOCIOLOGICAL REASONS. IN OTHER WORDS—THE TENT-CATERPILLAR, THE DROUGHT AND THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT."

· LIFE ·



Monkey B

· LIFE ·



key Business



Protection for Campaign Issues

Souder Points the Need of Change in Patent Law

WASHINGTON, October 7.—I believe that our national patent law must be extended to cover Campaign Issues. They are, after all, a candidate's only stock in trade; and when he has gone to work and put on the market an Issue that has more than usual consumer-appeal, it seems to me that he should reap the fruits of his ingenuity.

Honesty in Government,

for example, was put out as an Issue by the Democratic Party, after what was considered by merchandising counselors to have been one of the strongest publicity campaigns in the annals of modern business.

Yet no sooner had they created a demand for Honesty in Government in virtually every home in the Union, than the Republican Party announced itself as also in favor of the Government's being honest, and the Third Party offered the thinly disguised substitute that corruption in government is undesirable.

Piracy of Issues, let me make it plain, has been confined to no one party. The Republicans launched Economy, and as soon as it began to demonstrate its pulling power with the public, the Democratic Party and Mr. La Follette were offering their own brands.

Mr. La Follette

I feel, made a bad mistake in confining almost his entire output to the Issue of Private Monopoly and Predatory Interests. Both the Republicans and the

Democrats have put this Issue on their own counters, although in an admittedly inferior line, for nobody can manufacture these particular goods (or evils, if you prefer) the way Mr. La Follette can. The Market in the Monopoly-Corporate Wealth Issue already shows signs of being glutted; and what little demand there is will just as likely go to the old established houses as to the recently opened emporium of Mr. La Follette.

Even the Klan

has failed as an Issue. The Republican sales-managers who had a chance at the first rights passed it up as being too difficult to market, with the returns scarcely justifying the initial outlay.

Then the Democratic experts took it on, merely as a by-product. With keen regard for public delicacy, however, they based their selling campaign on certain other nationally advertised products, usually portrayed by a young woman saying "Sh-h-h," or a clean-cut go-getter learning the unpleasant truth about why his sales have dropped to \$27.50 a month. If you mention everything except the name, public sensibilities are not ruffled.

When Mr. Davis stopped referring to the Klan as racial and religious bigotry and called it the Klan, it almost seemed that he had created an Issue. But the assistant executive in the Republican concern, emboldened by the Democratic success, immediately advertised his own Klan Issue, thus automatically removing the product to the bargain basement.

Infringement

on one another's political products has, in fact, become so widespread that there is little left for the candidates to argue about. They stand alike on Prohibition, Aid to the Farmer, the Rights of Labor. Mr. Coolidge, indeed, has lately shown a tendency to ignore the concrete Issues altogether, and to base his Campaign on the abstract, urging as the country's real need such matters as loyalty, industry and thrift. I suppose the rival candidates will immediately write filial-devotion, energy, and sacredness-of-the-home planks into their platforms.

Unless the law

is amended adequately to protect Campaign Issues, I foresee the time when candidates will have to keep their views on important matters carefully hidden. Instead of blurting out what they really think of the Nation's needs, they will devote their Campaign speeches to readings from the classics, a review of the latest crop statistics, and entertaining gems from "One Hundred Anecdotes for all Occasions."

This policy of secretiveness is the only way I can see to keep any really good Issues going. It will, of course, leave the voters in the dark, and they will have to base their ultimate selection for President on which man pitches the most hay, or churns the best butter, in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday press. But then, I am not at all sure that that is not the basis for choosing our Presidents to-day.

Souder.



THE SHOPKEEPERS

Fall Fiction

"THIS is positively the best house in town for the money."

"You're looking younger every day."

"I was just going to phone you when you called up."

"I'll pay you without fail the first of next week."

"All of them young, none of them married."

"You are the only girl I've ever loved."

"You are the only man I've ever loved."

"If I am elected not a cent of the city's money will go in graft."

"The best way to have peace is to prepare for war."

"Honest, officer, I wasn't going a mile over eighteen."

"With an all-star cast."

"This is worth double the money."

"You are the picture of Marion Davies, only better-looking."

"This is the genuine stuff, bottled before the war."

"I won't be home till late, dear, as I've had a blow-out and my spare is flat."

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

Bertram Bloch.

À la Garçonne

"YOU don't mean to tell me Beatrice came all the way home from Paris just to get her hair bobbed!"

"Yes; she didn't know the French for 'boyish'."

JUDGING by the rotogravure sections, General Dawes' slogan must be, "Watch My Smoke."



Nice Old Lady: AH, SEE THE POOR YOUNG THING WITH HER HEAD ALL BANDAGED. GOT HIT WITH THE BALL, I SUPPOSE.

Cynical Reflections

I FEEL so safe in having my destinies in the hands of the Great Voting Majority, because it has given the following evidences of ability to recognize what is the best:

More people bought "The Sheik" than any other book in the past ten years.

More people went to see "Abie's Irish Rose" than any other play in the past two thousand years.

More people went to see Wills fight Firpo than the combined attendance of ten great American universities. And it wasn't a very good fight, either, as fights go. I was there myself.

R. S.



Guide: HE'S THIRTEEN FOOT LONG.

Hunter: GOSH! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO MOVE INTO A LARGER APARTMENT.



IN THE HILL COUNTRY

"YES, INDEEDY, JIM WAS ALWAYS AWFUL GOOD TO ME. HE SHOT ME ONCE, BUT THAT WAS ONLY IN FUN."

Forgotten History

QUEEN ELIZABETH stood looking ruefully at the puddle and her expensive footgear.

"Just take a few steps up and save ten dollars," urged Raleigh, spreading his mackinaw in the goo.

"Something ought to be done about traffic conditions in this town, Wallie," complained the Queen.

It was the Ark's second night out and Japheth was worried.

"I'll never be able to explain to the church folks back home how I happened to see two elephants and a pair of alligators walk into the bedroom," he meditated.

It was with unconcealed relief that he read in the papers next day that the flood had been a complete success.

"No more worlds to conquer," mourned Alexander.

"You might tackle the morals of the Younger Generation, Emp.," respectfully suggested a courtier.

Aghast at the magnitude of the task, the Emperor resigned his commission and enlisted in the ranks.

Unmutual Interest

I RATHER like to walk in zoos
And see what animals I choose,
Particularly yaks and gnus.

A mutuality it lacks,
Because on me the gnus and yaks
Most impolitely turn their backs.

Fairfax Downey.

These Americans

The Badger

HE knows that other things make Milwaukee famous and can name several. He can explain Bob La Follette's grip on the Wisconsin voters and is eager to oblige. He can even explain Victor Berger.

He has heard that other states have good roads and wonders how they all got hold of the Wisconsin specifications so quickly. He knows that an effort is made to teach psychology, sociology and pedagogy at some schools, such as Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia, and he understands they do as well as can be done outside Madison.

The Wisconsinite knows everything he does not want, and his delegation in Congress is determined to see that nothing desirable is forced on him. It is against whatever is about to pass.

The Badger is a successful enigma.

McC. H.

Can't Get It

FLUBB: Does he drink to excess?

DUBB: No; he isn't popular enough!

GOVERNMENT radios are being installed on Western reservations. Lo, the poor Indian! is right.



Life SUGGESTS THAT ALL BUYERS OF THEATRE TICKETS BE EXAMINED FOR COUGHS,

Why the First Marathon Was Run

THE Battle of Marathon had just been won. The Persians were in full retreat. Miltiades, the victorious Athenian General, called Pheidippides, his secretary, to his tent.

"Pie," he said, "get the Capitol on the phone and give 'em the glad tidings."

So Pheidippides hurried to a booth and deposited his obol. Eventually a voice answered....

"Give me Acropolis 72," says Pheidippides.

Two minutes intervene.

"Hello," says Pheidippides, "is this you, Sappho?"

"Yes; who is this?"

"This is Pie. Sappho, old dear, I've got great news. Want an earful?"

The reply comes back chilling enough to give Pheidippides frost-bite.

"Who is calling me 'old dear'?"

"Huh?...What number is this?"

"Chaconas 1826 W."

"Scuse me, please...."

Four minutes intervene.

"Operator, you gave me the wrong number. I want Acropolis 72."

After six minutes, comes a voice. "Acropolis 72 has been changed Blub-duff-gumber 1596. Will you please give it to the operator?"

Four long minutes intervene. Pheidippides drops another coin.

"Operator, I called Acropolis 72 and somebody told me it had been changed to something 1596, but I—"

"I'll give you Information."

Information answers in the remarkably short time of seven minutes.

"Information, I'm trying to get the Capitol at Athens and—"

"Have you looked in the book?"

"The number has been changed."

"One moment, please."

The moment outlasts a movie kiss.

"The only Kaplan we have listed is Jacob R., and his number is in the book."

"I didn't say Kaplan. I said Capitol—cap-i-tol."

"One moment, please."

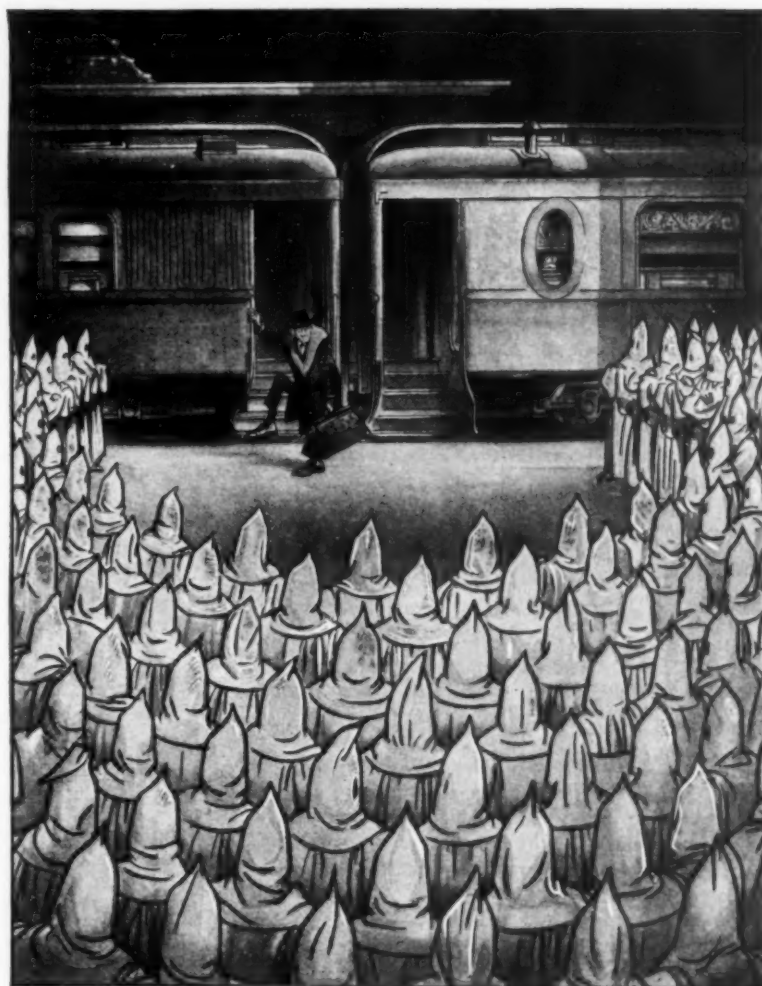
By the time Information speaks again Pheidippides needs a shave.

"The number is Nova Scotia 1596. Will you give it to the operator, please?"

Pheidippides gives it.

"Line is busy."

Four and one-half minutes intervene. Then Pheidippides tries again.



MILTON FRANKEL, WHO WRITES THE DIXIE SONGS, TAKES A TRIP SOUTH TO LOOK THE PLACE OVER.

"Nova Scotia 1596 doesn't answer. I'll connect you with the manager."

"I don't want the damned manager."

He hangs up the receiver, looks at the map, sees that it is a little over twenty-six miles to Athens, figures that he can save an hour and ten minutes by running instead of phoning, and sets off.

Some three hours later he staggers into his office and is greeted by a roomful of people. As he crosses the threshold the telephone bell rings.

"Nova Scotia 1596?"

"Yes."

"Hold the wire. I have a call for you."

Twelve minutes intervene.

"Hello," comes the voice.

"Yes?" answers Pheidippides.

"There was a party calling you from a pay station at Marathon, but I guess he don't want you no more."

Pheidippides falls on his sword, and the Athenians have to wait until the Sporting Edition comes out to learn who has won.

Bertram Bloch.

Billposted

TOURIST: How far is it to Pleasant View?

NATIVE: One thousand three hundred and forty-six signboards.

UNDER the new régime in Turkey seraglios are being reduced in size. Bobbed harems, so to speak.



Unmollified Old Pedestrian (who has refused to budge from the middle of the road): THERE, SERVES YOU RIGHT! YOU ALMOST RAN INTO ME!

A Melancholy Future

ACCORDING to the latest reports from the medical profession, it is practically impossible for any epidemic to get any headway. Furthermore, even those diseases that have been more or less regular in their recurrence are being got well in hand, owing to the astonishing successes of bacteriology. If we add to all these physical triumphs the new-thought treatments, including auto-suggestion and mental healing, it is easy to see that it will be almost impossible to get any kind of disease.

Is not this an appalling prospect? The thought of never having anything the matter with us can hardly be viewed with anything except acute alarm. Our diseases are almost our sole protection from other people; moreover, they furnish us with an almost unlimited source of conversation. If we are hereafter so healthy that we can keep every engagement, and if there is nothing about ourselves to talk of, what will be the use of living? When living becomes as easy as that, it will be robbed of all its charm.

T. L. M.

Tango—1924 Model

SHE: Do you know how to dance that new dance?

HE: I'm not quite sure, but I think I know the holds.

Ballade of Puzzled Husbands

O FASHION Imp, whose word is law
To myriads of devotees,
Abate your ire and mark our awe;
We husbands ask you, ill at ease,
Our curiosity appease!
Explain to us if this be fair
(And note our groans in many keys):
"The more we give, the less they wear!"

Until the fatal, final straw
Breaks down our backs and bends our knees,
We potter on with tempers raw
To satisfy insatiate she's;
But though we do our best to please
Our wives and make their rivals stare,
Our mumbled words resemble these:
"The more we give, the less they wear!"

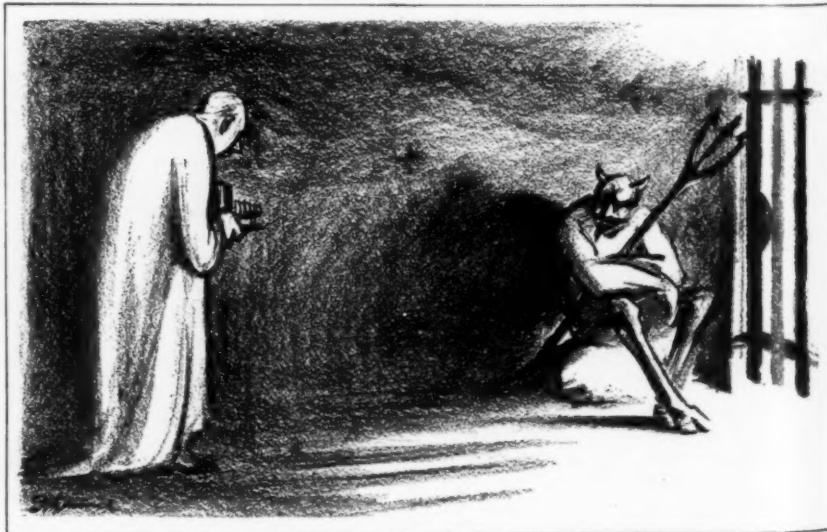
Ejaculating "Tut!" and "Pshaw!"
(Their arguments are coquetries)
Each wife reserves her best hee-haw
For masculine uncertainties;
They buzz at us like angry bees,
If we persist in our despair
To voice our puzzlement and wheeze,
"The more we give, the less they wear!"

L'Envoi

And yet, if Beauty so decrees,
Why should we Beauty-lovers care?
Let's shout across the seven seas:
"The more we give, the less they wear!"

E. L.

"WOULDN'T you like to be really wealthy?"
"Well, not so wealthy that I couldn't live beyond my income."



Camera Fiend (arriving): I MUST GET THIS.



"WHATTA YOU MEAN I'M GETTING QUITE A TUMMY!
IT'S JUST THESE DAMN PLEATED PANTS YOU MADE ME
GET! I SHOULD SAY I HAVEN'T A POD! POOH!



"HUH! GEORGIANA SAID IT! LOOKS AS IF I HAD
SWALLOWED AN EGG-PLANT WHOLE—WELL, DUDLEY,
OLD MAN, THAT'S GOTTA COME OFF....



"NO, GEORGIE, NO BREAKFASTS; MY FIGURE HAS
BECOME A SUBJECT FOR PLEASANTRIES. I AM TAKING
STEPS TO BECOME MORE AGREEABLE IN YOUR SIGHT—
GOOD MORNING!



"ANATOLE—BRING ME A LEAF OF LETTUCE AND A PONY
OF VINEGAR! NO, NOTHING ELSE—I AM ON A DIET!



"OH, YOU THOUGHT I WASN'T EATING ANY MORE! YOU
THOUGHT BECAUSE I WAS A LITTLE BIT PLUMPISH I WAS
GOING TO TORTURE MYSELF—STARVE MYSELF!



"OOGL—GUG—GLUMPH—YOUR—RUMPH—FRIEND—MRS.
M'COY SAID—TO ME TO-DAY—SNFPH—HOW DO YOU
MANAGE TO KEEP YOUR BOYISH FIGURE? SH' SAID
'AT TO ME—ME.'"

YOU AND YOUR TUMMY



OCTOBER 9, 1924

VOL. 84. 2188

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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ALL the candidates have made their speeches now (still speaking of September) and are impressing their best points upon a public that is still attentive. Mr. Coolidge has reviewed members of the Holy Name Societies (a line of them about five hours long) in Washington, and ought by this attention to have solidified himself in the affections of the Republican Catholics. He stood in a reviewing stand with Cardinal O'Connell, and made a suitable address, which surely ought to serve as a sufficient defiance of the Klan.

Mr. Davis has come out of the West and says he had a bully time and saw thousands of enthusiastic Democrats and after an investigation that extended over 5,000 miles, insists that "all signs point to a sweeping Democratic victory in November." His picture in the paper seemed very cheerful and backed up his words. He seems to have the will to win and that is a splendid endowment in a candidate.

Mr. La Follette has been talking to the Germans and telling them especially what a good man Carl Schurz was. We are assured by the political astrologers whose scrutiny sweeps the firmament that La Follette will acquire pretty well all of the German vote of the Northwest, which has been used to go Republican. All things considered it seems appropriate that he should have it, notwithstanding it makes for some embarrassment to the Mr. Butler who manages for Mr. Coolidge.

What with the German vote inclined to go as said, and the Catholics supposed to be hesitating to decide which company of Protestants they like least,

and John Spargo saying that Pompadour Bob is a moss-back Socialist, and Labor far from united on any candidate, and the farmers probably thinking things over a good deal and affected by the weather, and a score of other items working irresponsibly to deflect the conclusions of watchers, it does seem as if Mr. Butler was premature in announcing so early that Mr. Davis was out of the running. The opinion at this writing is that no one is out and no one is safe. All the polls that have been taken have not elected Mr. Coolidge, though so far they show him far in the lead, which may be due to their coming from particular localities where he is strong. Polls are interesting but not convincing. They are liable to skip determining elements.



THE Rev. Mr. Hight, a Methodist minister of Mount Vernon, Ill., poisoned his wife and furnished the poison with which a lady of his congregation poisoned her husband. He and the lady felt that they would be happier if married. Of this reverend man State Attorney Thompson of Illinois said, as quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune*:

"Out of respect for the Methodist Church I will not demand the death penalty for these two murderers. The state will ask for life imprisonment in Joliet penitentiary."

So benefit of clergy still survives in Illinois! That is remarkable. But is it legal, and will the Methodist Church thank the State Attorney for his respect and the manner in which he has disclosed it? Hight having gone bad on

its hands, the Methodist Church might reasonably prefer whatever action in the courts would best discourage unclerical behavior in its ministers.

Officers of the law in Illinois seem to regard capital punishment as a matter that lies very much in their discretion, as lately in Chicago and prospectively in Mount Vernon. A judge, to be sure, has such discretion lawfully, but in a prosecuting attorney such an announcement as Attorney Thompson's sounds queer. If relief from hanging is to go by favor like kissing, much better abolish capital punishment altogether. It seems to be getting out of date anyhow.



AND by the way, when the police of Chicago were looking for the murderer of the Franks boy they arrested one Walter Wilson, a teacher, whom they believed to be the guilty man. What they did to him was reported in the papers, to wit: to make him confess "they bound him, beat him with a rubber hose until it was torture for him even to breathe. Two policemen held him while a police lieutenant knocked him down with his fist." They kept at him for hours, but as it turned out the man was entirely innocent. Was anything ever done about the treatment he was subjected to, and if so, what? If not, why not? If persons suspected of crime are being put to torture, there ought at least to be more publicity about it than there is now. It was done habitually in the Middle Ages but not so secretly, and in those times it was not unlawful. In these times the desire to get results seems somewhat over-eager. It has shown itself in the willingness of dry-enforcement officials to override all legal and constitutional restraints to beat the bootleggers. It shows in the methods of the Klan and in these secret inquiries by the police. Torture is supposed to be out of date, but the "third degree" is a form of it and is more dangerous than the crimes it is used to detect. Persons suspected of crime have as much right to the protection of the law as other persons. The Chicago detectives who put Walter Wilson to "the question" as they did, should be made to account publicly for their action.

E. S. Martin.



"SAVE THE CONSTITUTION"



The Twelve B

LIFE •



O. Herford

Twelve Best Books



Eye-Fag

IT is common talk that critics see so many plays that they become fed-up and disagreeable and are incapable of judging anything at all fairly. This is not true as a generalization (as the girl said to the sailor), but in the matter of revues we must admit that we have reached the saturation point and are no longer able to view their magnificence with the clear eye of the layman. After seeing three revues on three successive evenings we felt that one more yard of gold brocade, one more ounce of glittering jet, or even one more young lady built to represent one of the sixteen steps in the process of making an overcoat, and we would set fire to the theatre.



IT was "The Greenwich Village Follies" which fed us up to the eyes. At 11:30, when the first act was over, we could not remember having spent a duller evening since we were a little boy and heard Dwight Elmendorf lecture on the Holy Land. For hours the thing had gone on. Bolt after bolt of white goods had been unrolled; ton after ton of the heaviest comedy ever mined in these parts had been dumped out of the cars, and bar after bar of synthetic music had lulled us into a stupor from which we had to be awakened by an usher. And, as we fumbled our way to the sidewalk with just ten minutes in which to catch the 11:40, we noticed that no one else had his hat and coat on. "Why is this?" we asked. "Have you all no homes?" There was general laughter among the wisecracks, who explained that only the first act was over. This left just one thing for us to do, and we did it. We sat down on the curb and cried as if our little heart would break.



ONE feature of "The Greenwich Village Follies," and one alone, reconciled us to going back for the second act. Moran and Mack, black-face artists from vaudeville, had aroused us at 10:45 during the first act, with an unforgettable bit of comedy. And they were worth going back for. They would be worth going back into a burning building for. And this in the face of our fear that, if we did go back, the management would bring on that coloratura again. We can pay Messrs. Moran and Mack no greater tribute than to say that we braved a coloratura soprano for a second glimpse of them.

THE next night came Hassard Short's "The Ritz Revue."

Fortunately, this was much more stimulating than "The Greenwich Village Follies." In fact, had we just come in from the summer, with a fresh eye, it very probably would have knocked us quite giddy with its beauty. Mr. Short has been entirely cured of his old elevator-trouble, and has succeeded in devising color effects and ensembles which excite even the jaded perceptions of a critic. He has achieved a splendid production, and we use "splendid" advisedly—on the advice of counsel, in fact.

Thanks to one sketch, in which Charlotte Greenwood tries to take a bath against telephone and dumbwaiter interruptions, the comedy scores at least ten points. These ten points are lost, however, by the minus score which must be accorded most of the other sketches on the ground of offensiveness. We are not known among our acquaintances as squeamish, but much of the pathological banter in "The Ritz Revue," transcribed verbatim from folk-writings on fences and walls, made us wish that we had gone without that rich dessert for dinner. It is unquestionably the dirtiest line of talk that we have ever heard in a theatre. And we realize that we are selling seats for Mr. Short by mentioning it.



"THE RITZ REVUE" also contains Jay Brennan and Stanley Rogers, the latter assigned the difficult task of filling the high-heeled shoes of the lamented Bert Savoy. And, from a technical point of view, he must be given credit for a remarkable imitation. Viewed sentimentally, however, the act is rather gruesome. His new *cliché*, designed to take the place of Savoy's famous "I'm glad you ast me" and "You must come over," is "I'll never be the same!" This is unfortunate, as it only emphasizes the obvious truth that no one could ever be the same as Bert Savoy. And if only they had this time chosen another name than "Margie" for their off-stage playmate! Margie and Bert deserved to have gone out together.... This is, however, purely sentimental.



COMPARED with "The Greenwich Village Follies" and "The Ritz Revue," "The Passing Show" at the Winter Garden, although better than its predecessors, is pictorially just nothing. It has its moments, it is true, but for the most part its effects are very woolworth. It has James Barton, however, and anything that has James Barton has a lot.

Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Bewitched. *National*—To be reviewed later.
Cobra. *Longacre*—The old one about the husband who went to Philadelphia on business, made fresh and thrilling by excellent acting.
Conscience. *Belmont*—A young lady named Lillian Foster raises this play to distinction.
Dancing Mothers. *Marine Elliott's*—Helen Hayes again flapping, to the horror of the Older Generation.
The Far Cry. *Cort*—To be reviewed later.
Great Music. *Earl Carroll*—To be reviewed later.
The Green Beetle. *Klaw*—Chop-suey melodrama.
Hassan. *Knickerbocker*—To be reviewed later.
Havoc. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—The customary British war-play, done with the customary British facility.
High Stakes. *Eltinge*—To be reviewed next week.
Minnick. *Booth*—To be reviewed next week.
The Miracle. *Century*—If we never see anything more spectacularly beautiful than this in the theatre, we shall be satisfied.
My Son. *Princess*—Pleasant Cape Cod.
Rain. *Gaiety*—Jeanne Eagels came back for a limited run in this sensational success, but they won't let her go.
Schemers. *Nora Bayes*—Not so good.
What Price Glory? *Plymouth*—The first important play of the year.
White Cargo. *Daly's*—A study in disintegration under the heat of the tropical sun.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—and five makes seven.
The Awful Mrs. Eaton. *Morosco*—To be reviewed later.
The Best People. *Lyceum*—One of a series of type plays about the young folks.
The Busybody. *Bijou*—To be reviewed later.
Expressing Willie. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Well-done comedy about Long Island intellectual and emotional life.
Grounds for Divorce. *Empire*—To be reviewed next week.
The Haunted House. *George M. Cohan's*—Amusing if not epoch-making, with Wallace Eddinger heading a good cast.
Izzy. *Broadhurst*—Jimmy Hussey in Jewish talk.
Lazybones. *Vanderbilt*—To be reviewed next week.
The Little Angel. *Frazer*—To be reviewed next week.
Made for Each Other. *Fifty-Second St.*—To be reviewed next week.
Pigs. *Little*—Entertaining, and distinctive in that the young people in it present no problem.
The Show-Off. *Playhouse*—A character and a play which should be memorable for many years to come.
Strange Bedfellows. *Henry Miller's*—Small-town politics.
The Werewolf. *Forty-Ninth St.*—Continental gazumping en masse.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Astor*—To be reviewed later.
Be Yourself. *Sam H. Harris*—A funny show, with Queenie Smith and Jack Donahue.

The Chocolate Dandies. *Colonial*—This year's Negro hurricane.

Dear Sir. *Times Square*—To be reviewed later.

The Dream Girl. *Ambassador*—Fay Bainter in an un-funny version of "The Road to Yesterday," with Victor Herbert's music.

The Grab Bag. *Globe*—Ed Wynn's new show, to be reviewed later.

Grand Street Follies. *Neighborhood*—Proving that a revue can be made entertaining and intelligent at the same time.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Shubert*—Reviewed in this issue.

I'll Say She Is. *Casino*—We are still looking for laughs as loud as those handed us in this by the Marx Brothers.

Kid Boots. *Setwyn*—Eddie Cantor successfully fighting the new shows.

Marjorie. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Quite satisfactory in all departments. Elizabeth Hines, Andrew Tombes and Skeet Gallagher.

Passing Show. *Winter Garden*—Reviewed in this issue.

Ritz Revue. *Ritz*—Reviewed in this issue.

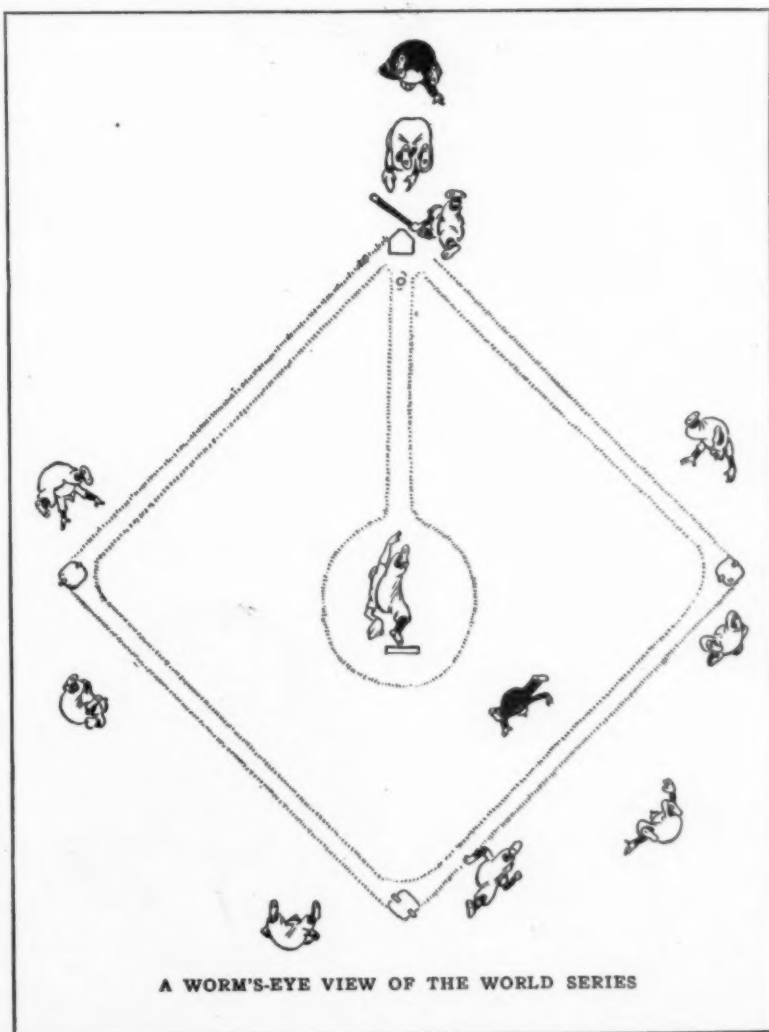
Rose-Marie. *Imperial*—The best score of the season so far. Mary Ellis and William Kent.

Scandals. *Apollo*—George White has nothing to worry about with this show and Tom Patricola, Lester Allen and Winnie Lightner.

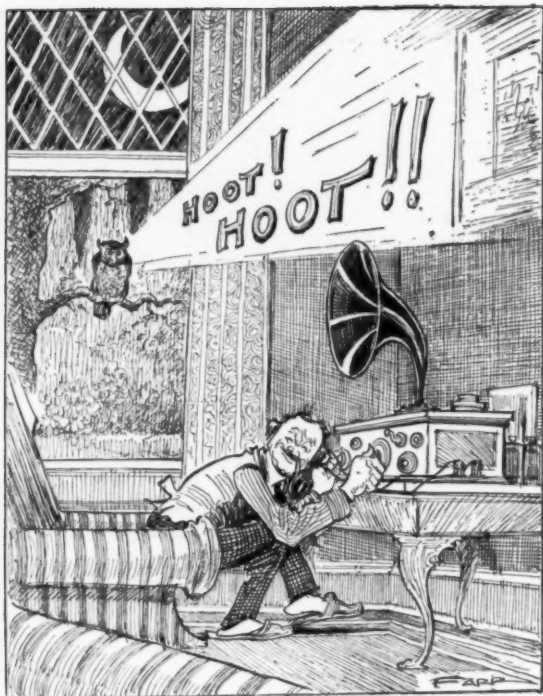
Top Hole. *Fulton*—Ernest Glendinning in something mild.

Vanities. *Music Box*—Joe Cook in a revue with good and bad spots, thousands of girls, and considerable beauty.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Will Rogers makes it worth trying.



A WORM'S-EYE VIEW OF THE WORLD SERIES



"OH, BOY—I'VE GOT SCOTLAND!"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

October 7th All the morning gone in discharging my indebtedness to tradespeople, a dreary business, and then, by a sudden inspiration which must have been the fruit of much activity in my subconscious, to my hairdresser to have my hair cut off. Nor did they all cry out, How now, Mrs. Pep! as I expected, but received my order with composure, even keeping me waiting five minutes, during which I gained some idea of what those in the death house must experience. Then came a young man with a great pair of shears, who did go about severing my tresses with a calm ferocity which caused me to bid him halt, but a glance in the mirror assured me it was too late. When he had done, Miss Marie gave me a fine wave, after which I looked better, but not too different, having always coiffed my hair cleverly according to the fashion, and I do pray that Sam will not discover what I have done until sufficient time has elapsed to render his protests unreasonable.

October 8th Lay late, dozing at intervals, in one of which I did have a dream of a great platter of popcorn's following the roast at

(Continued on page 30)

Enter the King

NOT to the beat of drums
He comes:
No regal bugles blow
To usher in his show
Of swollen pomp and circumstance:
Yet silent though his splendor,—
No king of France
Could bid to dance—
No Sheban queen command attend her—
Such a rout of pages, knights,
Epicurean satellites.
No Oriental prince in state
Could think to rival his appointments,—
Bid barbers pour upon his pate
So many precious ointments.

He comes—

He comes—

With oodles of tacit pageant guff,
The deaf-mute monarch struts his stuff.
Surrounded by his voiceless vassals,
He wins, as king, the ermine tassels.

He comes,

Tum-tum!—

Smug in his body without a brain,
Snug in the heart of his circling train
(Tabasco, Paprika, the Radish of Horse,
Sauce of the Cocktail, and Crackers, of course!)

He comes—

Dum—dum—

With visible gusto, but nothing of boister—

Enter,

Center,

H. M.—Oyster!

Cyril B. Egan.

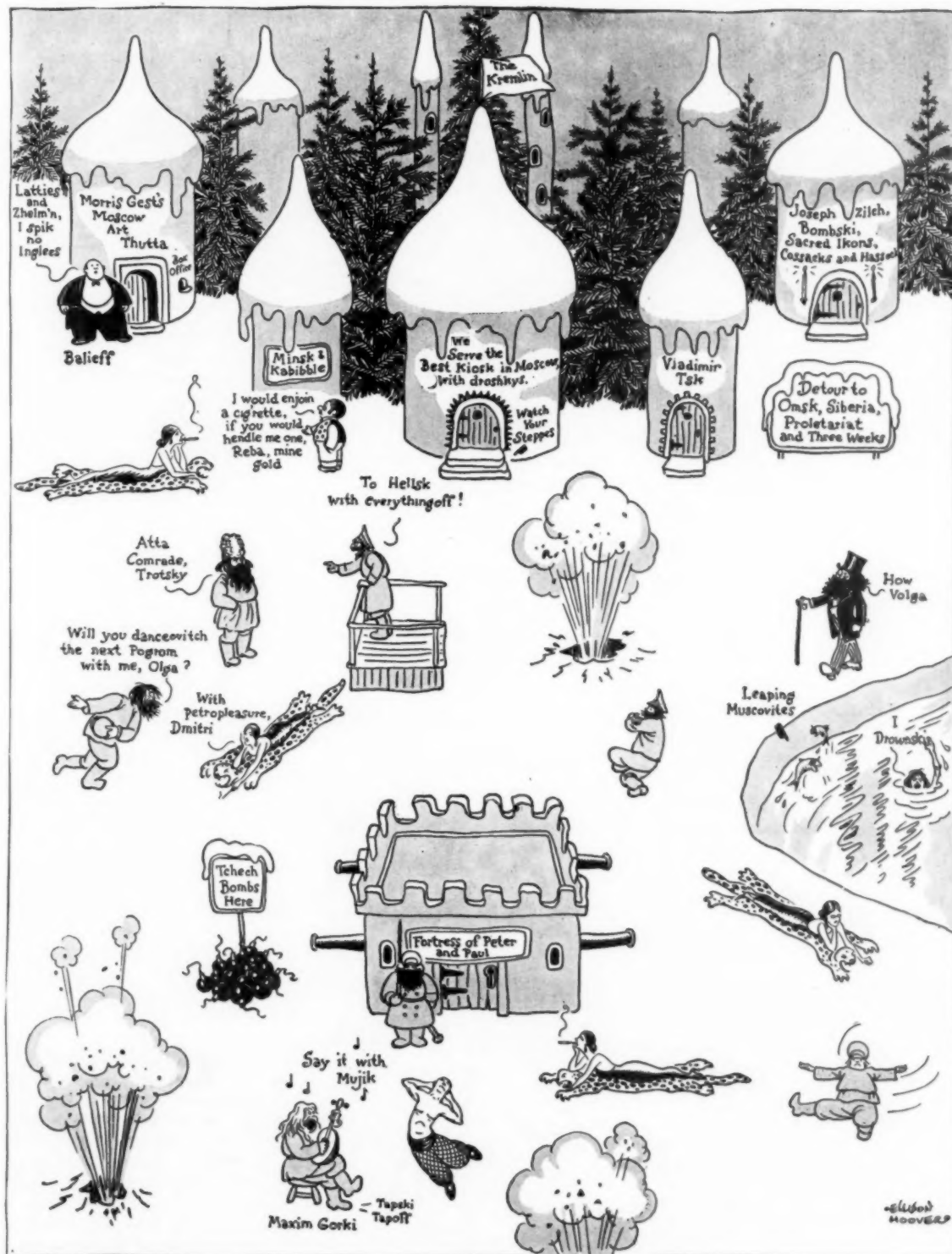
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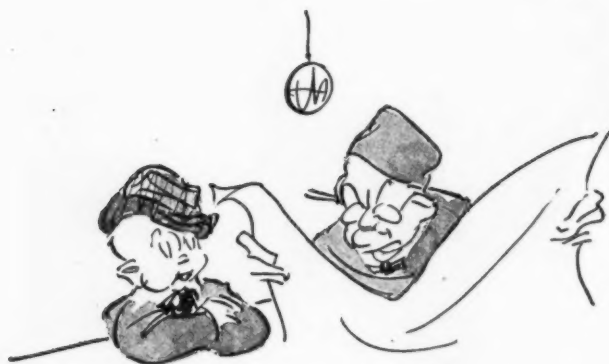
ONCE upon a time there was a chop suey restaurant on the ground floor.

PIPE AND SAP-BUCKET



QUALIFICATIONS FOR OFFICE





Skippy: HOW MUCH ARE THE CLOTHESPINS?

"FIVE CENTS A DOZEN."

"HOW MUCH FOR BIRD SEED?"

"TEN CENTS."

"AND THEM LAMP SHADES?"

"FIFTEEN AND A QUARTER."

"KEROSENE OIL, A GALLON, HOW MUCH?"

"THIRTEEN."



Skippy: HOW MUCH ARE THE TOMATOES?

"FOURTEEN A CAN."

"AN' THE CORN?"

"FIFTEEN."

"HOW MUCH ARE THOSE SALMONS?"

"FOURTEEN AND NINETEEN."

"HOW MUCH FOR THOSE GREEN BERRIES WITH THE RED EYES?"

"OLIVES—A QUARTER."



Skippy: CONDENSED MILK?

"TEN AND FIFTEEN."

"COW'S MILK?"

"FIFTEEN A QUART."

"HOW MUCH ARE YA ASKIN' FOR TEA?"

"OOLONG OR ENGLISH BREAKFAST?"

"BOTH."

"FIFTY AND SIXTY A POUND."

"WHAT'S IN THAT BROWN JUG BEHIND YA?"

"NONE O' YA BUSINESS."



Storekeeper: I CAN'T BE HAVIN' YOU TAKE UP MY TIME LIKE THIS—WHAT D'YA WANT?

Skippy: IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T THINK OF WHAT I WAS TO GET ON SEVENTEEN CENTS.

Skippy



"OH, PATTY, PLAY THAT ONE I LIKE—DON'T YOU KNOW—THAT I NEVER CAN REMEMBER—THAT STARTS IN 'WAY DOWN LOW AND GOES 'WAY UP HIGH.'"

Little Journeys to Big Towns

Boston

BOSTON is situated midway between the Revolutionary War and the Twentieth Century. It is the place where simple faith can go chase itself so long as Norman blood is available for a fourth at bridge.

The United States were admitted to Boston after the Constitutional Convention of 1787, in a strictly political sense. To this day the city retains its social independence. Some years ago a stir was caused by a bit of popular doggerel dealing with the speaking acquaintances of the Cabots and Lowells. The latter family nearly suffered ostracism for having extended its calling list beyond the Back Bay district.

The Boston Tea Party, while nationally famous, is not highly esteemed locally. It is said several persons attended who could never have evaded a competent butler.

Some of the more radical of the Younger Set recently struck a blow for liberalism by adding to their libraries the Social Registers of other cities, but the movement is making little headway. Older and wiser persons take the stand that there are no other cities.

Boston's contributions to our national life include the Harvard "A", Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, approved styles in raccoon coats, Percy Haughton, matutinal pie, and altogether-too-free verse.

James K. McGuinness.

"OF all the things that that specialist ordered you to give up, what do you miss the most?"

"The twenty-five dollars he charged me!"



THE HOOK-ON-BEHIND ACCESSORY FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TO SAVE GASOLINE AND GET THE BENEFIT OF SPEED.



"The Alaskan"

THOMAS MEIGHAN is one of the few film stars who are regarded with genuine affection in the dingy, cobwebbed corridors of this department; but even the name and presence of Tom Meighan cannot save "The Alaskan" from being stigmatized herewith as a ham picture. Which it most unquestionably is.

"The Alaskan" derives from the fertile but futile pen of James Oliver Curwood, the local representative of Mother Nature. It is concerned heavily with manly men, womanly women and scenic scenery; as is usually the case in such pictures, the scenery is the only member of the trio that carries any degree of conviction. That, at least, is real.

Tom Meighan himself is good in "The Alaskan," and is not to blame for the absurdity of the story. He has tried to cultivate good taste on the screen, and it is hardly his fault if the public prefers James Oliver Curwood to George Ade and Booth Tarkington.

WHENEVER I pan one of these big, gripping, two-listed, he-dramas of the Great Outdoors, I receive letters from indignant readers who claim that my adverse attitude is founded on petty jealousy. "If you had a drop of red blood in your veins," I am told, "you would be qualified to understand stories about men who have."

Well, that may be true; not having had an arterial test in years, I hesitate to question these analyses. But I can say truthfully that I am not envious of the heroes in Curwood tales, because they are all essentially phony. The red blood which surges through their veins is synthetic stuff, and can be bought in the open market for three dollars a case.

Whenever I am privileged to view a real red-blooded drama, like "Tol'-able David" or "The Spoilers," I

seize the opportunity to fall flat on my face and murmur, "Master."

"The Man Who Came Back"

A MOVIE that contains as many different brands of fireworks as are evident in "The Man Who Came Back" does not have to place much reliance on intelligent appeal—which is fortunate, because "The Man Who Came Back" is almost totally devoid of that quality.

It is a story of the younger regeneration, dealing with the downward and upward career of a man and a woman who, when slightly soiled, decide to

team up and turn to the right. You have encountered the same theme before on the screen and elsewhere; but in "The Man Who Came Back," it is enlivened by considerable variety in the backgrounds. Indeed, the gamut of emotion is stretched from New York to San Francisco, to Shanghai, to Honolulu, and so home after a jolly holiday. The two leading characters take the whole distance on the run.

Although "The Man Who Came Back" points a technical moral, it manages to leave you with the pleasant impression that sin is still the most glamorous institution in the world.

Suggestion

MEMORANDUM *re* the great American movie from a Chicago contributor:

"As a special favor to the starved audiences of the Middle West, will you kindly see to it that the heroine in your forthcoming Superfilm, when overcome with horror in the sixth reel, refrains from biting the knuckles of her left hand? She might bite her right ankle instead.

"Thank you,
"R. Q."

And another, also from Chicago:

"Your picture should close with a big horserace scene. The impoverished hero has entered his favorite steed, which the heroine has backed with several mortgages. The night before the turf classic, the hero's jockey is drugged, and he is unfit for service. So the tiny heroine dons her lover's colors, enters the race, and fights for first place with the villain's horse.

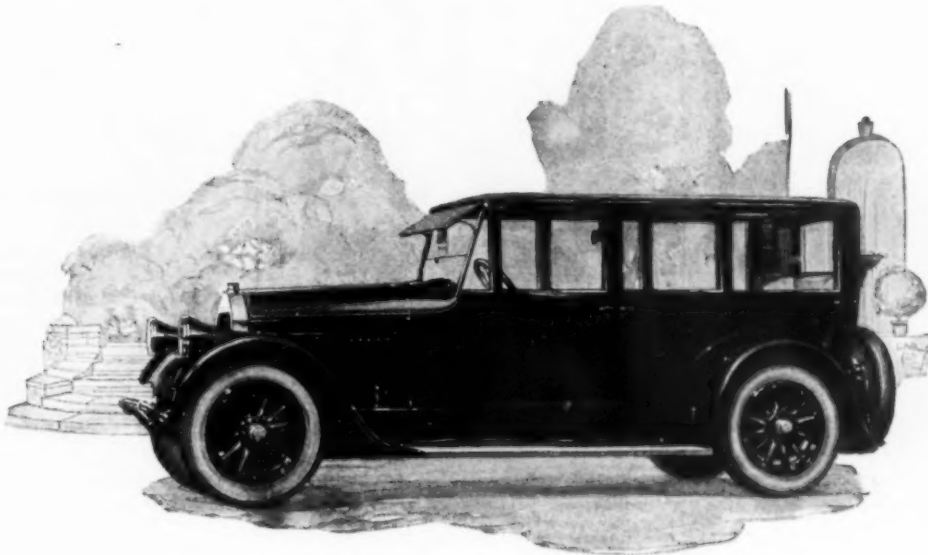
"Just as the field is rounding into the stretch, the heroine discovers that her nose is shiny—and pauses to remedy same. She loses by a wide margin, and everybody goes bankrupt."

Both of these suggestions have been voted on in conference, and are adjudged acceptable.

R. E. Sherwood.



THOMAS MEIGHAN IN
"THE ALASKAN"



The Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve Enclosed Drive Limousine, built for George W. Van Sciver, Esq. For this car, Mr. Van Sciver selected a finish of Brewster green, with double hairline striping in cream on the body, hood and wheels. The fenders and belt are black, setting off the dominant body tone. The upholstery is granite cloth in bronze green. The tire carrier is in the rear.

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After all, a man's possessions are a measure of the man himself. The fact that the Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve Six is consistently chosen by those of accepted position, indicates that they find it an adequate representation of themselves. Because of the high degree of craftsmanship demanded for the building of such a car, and the time required to render perfect each minute detail, the production of the Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve Six is necessarily limited.

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A Charming Thought

It was after dinner and the talk had turned to psychology. This disturbing question had just been put: "When does old age really begin?"

To establish a formula was proving rather difficult, when one lady, who did not look her years, found the following:

"To me, old age is always fifteen years older than I am."—*Cyrano (Paris)*.

Job's Comforter

SICK MAN: I feel as though I've been through hell!

FRIEND (at bedside): Now, Bill, you mustn't go crossin' yer bridges before you come ter them.

—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

ROUGE of two thousand five hundred years ago has been discovered near Odessa. Were there never any good old times?—*Punch*.



WAITRESS (to persistent bell-ringer): MUSICAL, AIN'T CHER?
—*From Punch (London)*, by permission.

Local Color

A score or more of tiny American citizens of Japanese ancestry were gathered in a street in the Oriental section of Honolulu. Two of them were beating on tin cans, and the others were singing at the top of their voices.

"Pretty sight," remarked a tourist to a friend.

"Isn't it?" the friend replied. "So characteristically Oriental. I wonder what song they are singing."

"Probably the Japanese anthem," said the first.

The children were singing "Barney Google."—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*.

Conversation

"Take 'I'll say' and 'I'll tell the world' away from some people and you cut their conversation just about fifty per cent."

"I hope to tell you. Ain't it the truth?"

—*Youngstown Telegram*.

MASTER (to maid): Listen, Conchita; tell your mistress that if I am not home by four in the morning she must not expect me for supper.

—*Buen Humor (Madrid)*.

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Disillusion

YOUNG Mrs. Rogers had voted for the first time. She had considered the candidates with the utmost care, until after months of reading and listening—in she had come to realize that the election of the one meant chaos, while the election of the other meant unprecedented prosperity and happiness; so of course she voted for the millennium-bringer.

With beating heart and anxious eyes she watched the returns. Hurrah, her candidate was elected! The country was saved! The millennium was at hand! She went to bed happy.

The next morning she awoke and was astonished and hurt to discover—

That the baker as usual had left the wrong order,

That Hetty, the maid, hadn't risen a minute earlier,

That the cold water spigot still dripped,

That the breakfast bacon was no crisper than before,

And that her husband had forgotten to leave her money to pay the tailor.

There will be one more receiving set tuned in on a jazz orchestra the next time the candidates begin to broadcast.

B. B.

Tuning Up for the Day

LOOKING at his watch, Sylvester found he had been cultivating sympathy, knowledge and poise for twenty minutes. He still had ten minutes for getting in tune with the infinite before going to town.

Smiling the smile of the larger understanding, holding the crown of his head high and keeping his chin in, generous and tolerant toward mankind, conscious that nobody could injure him,

"Locktite" TOBACCO POUCH

Just Made For You

LOCKTITE is the perfect Tobacco Pouch. Handy, compact, good looking. Patent closing device opens easy or closes tight at simple pull of tab across top of pouch. No strings or buttons. Attractive leathers, varied styles. Buy yourself a Locktite Pouch today. \$1 and up, at cigar stores and wherever smokers' articles are sold. Write direct if dealer cannot supply.



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Black and gold's a favorite. Black and silver and plain black are good. Whites come in gold, plain and cork ends. Finest Macedonian tobacco. Boxes of 10, 50 and 100. Ask your best tobacconist. If he can't supply you, write to us.



Distributors for America

Churchill Downs Cigarettes

Hudson's Bay Tobacco

Ben Wade Pipes

he walked rhythmically over to the shelf to get his infinity book, the blue one in half-ooze.

It was not there.

In a rage he strode without rhythm and with his chin protruding to the head of the stairs.

"Which one of you took 'In Harmony with the Universe' out of my room?" he bellowed.

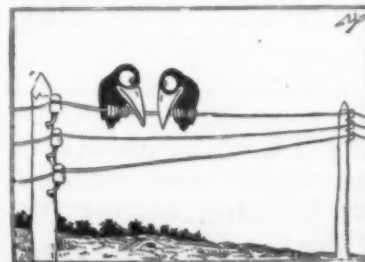
His timid and distraught wife answered from below:

"I put it in the drawer of your desk to keep the baby from chewing the cover."

Sylvester swung about and with a masterful gesture threw open the

drawer and found the book. He turned to the chapter headed: "Serenity, the Master Word of the Over Man."

McC. H.



"WHEN EVERYTHING IS WIRELESS, WHERE SHALL WE REST?"

—Buen Humor (Madrid.)

Letting Reedsdale Smokers Tell It

FROM BALTIMORE, MD.: "Received your sample box of Reedsdale Cigarettes and think they are a wonderful smoke. I am writing you to let you know that my future smoke will be 'Reedsdale,' and will recommend same to all my friends."

(Original letter in our file)

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for twenty! They are put up in a new and specially designed package that keeps them fresh, unbroken and uncrushed to the last one.



If not at your dealer's, a carton of 5 packages (100 cigarettes) sent for a dollar.

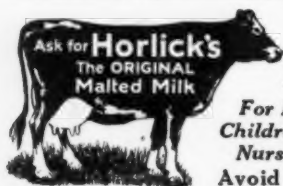
Smoke one package. If not satisfied return remaining packages and get your money back.

Reed Tobacco Co., 124 So. 21st St., Richmond, Va.

Sure Relief



BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE



Safe Milk

For Infants,
Children, Invalids,
Nursing Mothers
Avoid Imitations

STOP COUGHING
FLORIDA
MENTOPINE
COUGH DROPS
THE MENTOPINE CORPORATION - Philadelphia, Pa.

**Drawn, burning skin
AFTER SHAVING
soothed and cooled
by healing, antiseptic
Mentholum**

Write for free sample
Mentholum Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Wichita, Kans.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Daylight

One of the pet stories of "Tex" Rickard, fight promoter, is about a poker game that took place in a mining camp in Alaska.

Seven miners got together one night for a game and were snowed in by a storm that lasted for the ninth day. Although they probably had not \$5,000 in real money among them, by the time the ninth day came they were making wagers of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

On the ninth day the cards were dealt and one man announced that he would open the pot for \$100,000.

Just then a ray of sun penetrated the cabin, indicating that the storm was over.

"I'll see your hundred thousand," said one of the other men, "and raise you fifty cents cash."

And that broke up the game.

—Corey, in Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cellarette, sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Not a Fat Part

A girl, winner of a local beauty contest, in which the first prize was a part in a big film play, left her native town the envy and admiration of all.

Weeks passed without news. Then one day she returned and resumed her former occupation.

"But what about acting for the pictures?" she was asked. "Didn't they give you a part?"

"Yes, they gave me a part," she answered, bitterly. "They told me I could be the hand that held the bottle marked 'Poison' in the villain's nightmare!"

—Tit-Bits (London).

Stet!

Our London correspondent clips from an English newspaper a paragraph of information on the condition of the roads, to which an inspired compositor has added the finishing touch:

"Bristol to Weston-super-Mare: Fair; tar-spraying at intervals.
"Bristol to Clevedon: Fair; roller at work at Twickenham.
"Bristol to Portishead: Poor to bad.
"Bristol to Bath: God!"

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Little Red Album

A stamp collector declares that in pursuing this pastime "one learns art, geography, history and becomes studious, alert, steadfast in purpose, and patient, and is trained to be methodical." It might be a good way to educate the boy, after he gets through school.

—E. C. A., in Detroit News.

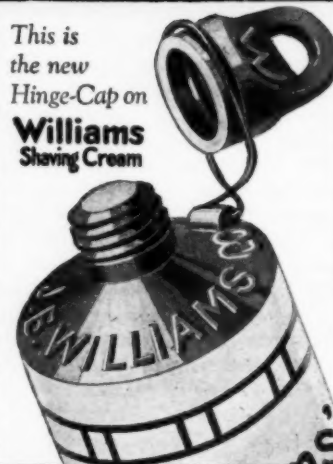
EIGHTY-ONE policemen were bitten by dogs last year. The ideal constable would be one without fear or flavor.

—Punch.

It can't get lost It can't get lost

You'll like it!

This is
the new
Hinge-Cap on
Williams
Shaving Cream



It can't get lost It can't get lost



"WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS?
WHAT DOES THE LADY REPRESENT?"
"SHE SEEMS TO BE UNHAPPILY
MARRIED."

—Lustige Blätter (Berlin).

A Sure Way to End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON

Strangers in a Strange Land

Now is the time when foreign phrases spoken on the stage come into their own. At other times of the year they prove embarrassing, not from being comprehended, as one might expect, but from there always being in every audience a few benighted souls who have to admit that they don't understand a word, and whose embarrassment is contagious. Foreign phrases must be received in one of two ways: either with riotous applause (showing the rest of the theatre that one is a linguist), or with a wan smile (showing the rest of the theatre that one is a disgrace). At other times of the year the applause is invariably heavily interspersed with agonized blanks where a stretching of the lips is all that can be granted to the witticism; now these blanks will be negligible, and *honi soit qui mal y pense* will receive its prodigal distinction.

Now is the time of *vans* and *lifts* and *wagons lits*; of Piccadilly Circus, and the Champs-Élysées, and the Bois; of ocean liners referred to as familiarly as Fifth Avenue and of forgetfully turning to the left in traffic; of *le mot juste*, incapable of being found in English; of Firenze, which means Florence, and Roma, which means Rome; of French, Spanish and Italian waiters being addressed in their native tongue and being overtipped if they can manage to summon enough of that language to invent a suitable reply.

For it is autumn, and the European tourists coming back to us are once more trying to pick up enough English to make their wants comprehensible.

B. F.

It's a wise crack that knows its own author.

Ukulele Free!
Genuine Koa Wood Finish Hawaiian Ukulele. Sweet ringing tone. Given free with Short-Cut Ukulele Instruction Course. Teaches you to play in one hour! So popular! Play latest hits.

Play in 1 Hour by our new copy-right course. No months of practice—just one hour. Mrs. A. Brown writes: "It's all amazingly easy." Thousands pleased.

Send No Money! For Instruction Course and full size Ukulele Outfit. On arrival deposit with postman only \$2.98 plus a few pennies postage. Complete satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send NOW!

FERRY & CO., 3224 N. Halsted St., Dept. 2407, Chicago, Ill.

BOW LEGS?
Our Garter (pat'd) Makes Trousers Hang Straight If Legs Bend In or Out. Self Adjustable. It Holds Sox Up—Shirt Down Not a "Form" or a "Hosiery". No Metal Springs. Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope.

THE T. GARTER CO.
Dept. 28 South Bend, Indiana

KOBLER AIR AND WATER PEARL PIPE
\$9.50. All smokers may ask for free literature.
Kobler & Co., Inc., 584 26th St., Cullerburg, West New York, N. J.

You Men

Owe to yourselves these whiter teeth

You know that whiter teeth are possible, for you see them everywhere today. Millions attain them through a new method of teeth cleaning. Accept this test and in ten days note what it means to you.

Film is unclean

That viscous film you feel on teeth is what clouds them and destroys them. Under old-way brushing much of it clings and stays. It becomes discolored, forms dingy coats, hides the luster of the teeth.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Few escape those troubles when they clean teeth in the old ways.



Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. One disintegrates the film, one removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods effective. So a new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Careful people of some 50 nations now employ it daily, largely through dental advice.

The unique results

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. Thus those great natural tooth-protecting factors gain much added power. These combined results bring to users a new dental era.

Send the coupon for a test. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will always be glad that you made this test. Cut out coupon now.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Based on modern research. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

Famous Cats

HENRI —
The —'s pajamas
Carrie Chapman —
In a —'s hind pocket
Powerful — inks
The —'s Arts
— o' nine tails
— ch as — ch can
The book of eti—
Krazy —
Puss in Boots.

H. W. H.



"I SHALL GO AND CALL MAMA, MADAM. ONLY YOU MUST NOT MIND WHAT MY SISTER MAY SAY TO YOU, BECAUSE, YOU KNOW, SHE SAYS EXACTLY WHAT SHE THINKS."

—L'Echo de Paris.



Is your husband too stout?

Has he taken on unnecessary weight? Do your friends make remarks about it—not intending to hurt your feelings, of course, but embarrassing you nevertheless?

Thousands of men and women have found excess weight easy to remove. Why let your husband suffer from it? Marmola Tablets—without exercises or diets—will bring back his natural healthy figure.

Recommend these tablets to h.m. Get a box for him. Once he uses them he will always be thankful that you urged him to get slender. It is your duty to see that he keeps slender like other successful men.

All drug stores have them—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1843 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

The Louvain Library Fund

AFTER centuries of usefulness the Louvain Library, with all its historic books and manuscripts, was destroyed during the Great War. And America has promised the people of Belgium that it shall be restored!

This meant raising a million dollars, and while good progress has been made, haste is needed. The five hundredth anniversary of Louvain University's founding falls in August next, and the new Library simply *must* be ready then.

The high schools in New Jersey are working hard for the cause, and we hope to hear from other states. There is room for all to take part, and LIFE will acknowledge all amounts received for Louvain.

And then, perhaps the elders will help. The children surely are not to do it all! National honor is involved, and we are all Americans!

Previously acknowledged...\$486.10
Closter, N. J., High School's

Tag Day..... 10.50
\$496.60

LIFE is counting on his friends to make it \$1,000 in the near future.

Checks, payable to us, marked "For Louvain Library Fund," will be duly forwarded.

Mrs. Pep's Diary (Continued from page 20)

a dinner, a marvelous thing which could never happen in real life, but it inspired me to rise and go down for some popcorn at the stand in the Grand Central, and I did eat three cartons before the pleas of my servant Florence had any weight soever. Marge Boothby to luncheon with me, whereof I partook sparingly because of my morning's gluttony, and we fell a-talking of deep matters. In especial of our age, which is one at which an individual gets his first realization that there is a catch in the business of living, and of the marvelous, silent conspiracy on the part of older people to keep youth from discovering the discrepancy until it is armored against it. Also of the blessed blindness of youth to the dicta of the philosophers. Lord! I would not relive my life again for anything in Cartier's window, nor am I anxious to develop into a toothless crone. Which betokens a satisfaction in my present state which I hope will renew itself annually.

Baird Leonard.

A FAMOUS gourmet was being measured for a dinner coat by a tailor whose bills he had not paid.

"Which do you prefer, sir," said the tailor smoothly, "a coat that fits you before dinner, or after?"

At Our Expense—Cool, Comfortable Shaving

THE verdict is now in your hands —If you do not find from actual use that Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream gives you a quicker, closer shave, without the customary smarting after effect—and that it leaves your face as soft and cool as though you had used a lotion—we will refund its full purchase price. Get a jar from your druggist, or if he cannot supply you, send 50c with his name and address and we will mail a jar direct to you. If you are not entirely satisfied, return the jar and your money will be refunded. Or send 2c stamp for sample. Recommended particularly for a tender skin.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
938 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Ont.



Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN

KEEP HIM HEALTHY

CURE DOG DISEASES

How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous



Q-W DOG REMEDIES

and 150 illustrations of dogs, leads, training collars, harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.

Q-W LABORATORIES

Dept. 19 Bound Brook, New Jersey

JAZZ vs. FIRESIDE?

ARE new influences transforming our?
American home life

ARE we becoming a nation of apartment?
house dwellers and delicatessen eaters

ARE movies, autos and dancing destroying?
the popularity of the hearth

Read what
WILLIAM

LYON

PHELPS

thinks about these
questions in the

OCTOBER WORLD'S WORK Next FIVE Issues for One Dollar!

Also these articles—

When is a Man Worth Something?
by Edward Bok—The Truth About the
Newspapers, by Carl C. Dickey—
Broadway's Taste in Plays, by Clayton
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Dangerous, by Mark Sullivan—Under
Forty Too Young for Golf, by Walter
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**EVERY ISSUE IS
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED**

Save 15 Cents on Every Issue

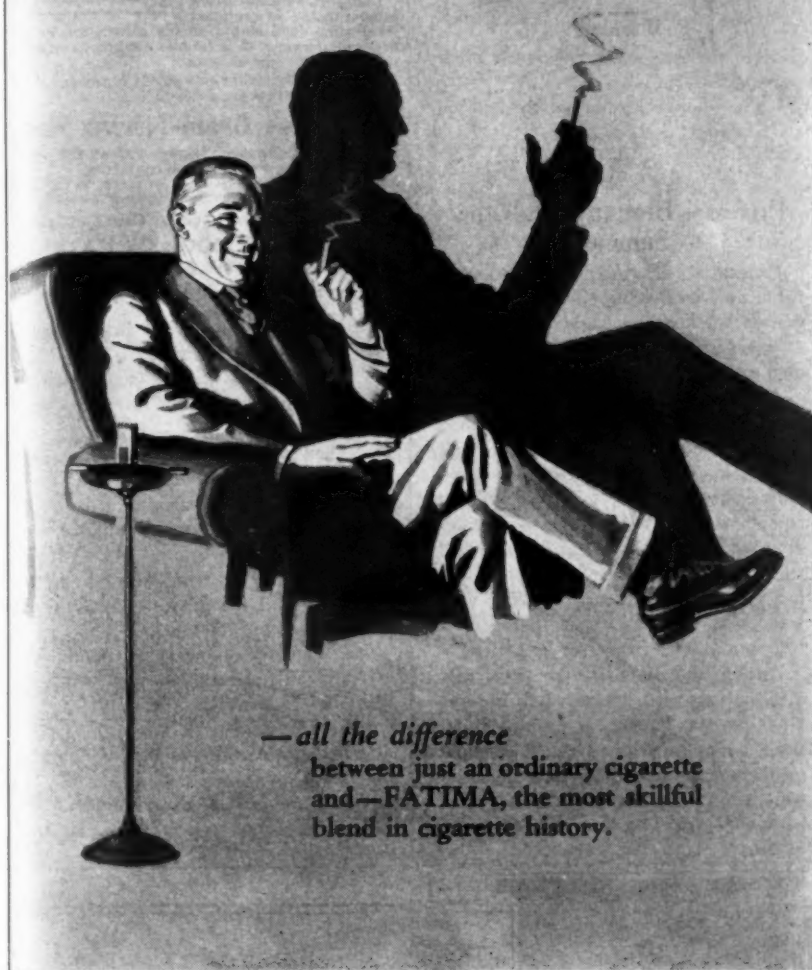
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co.,
Garden City, N. Y.

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for which
kindly send me the next five issues of
THE WORLD'S WORK (Regular Price,
\$1.75).

Name.....

Address.....

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"



—all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of LIFE, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1st, 1924. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared LeRoy Miller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of LIFE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations. To wit: (1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Life Publishing Co., 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Editor, Charles Dana Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, Robert E. Sherwood, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, LeRoy Miller, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. (2) That the owners are: Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Stockholders: Charles Dana Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Irene L. Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Langhorne Gibson, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; LeRoy Miller, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Nina LeRoy Miller, 598 Madison Avenue, New

York, N. Y.; Geo. W. Miller, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Edw. S. Martin, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. (4) That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. LeRoy Miller. (Signature of business manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1924. (Seal) Henry A. Richter, Notary Public, New York County No. 92, New York Register No. 6085. My commission expires March 30th, 1926.

Journalistic Portraits

The World Series Hero as You Picture Him After Reading the Public Prints

HE is a bachelor who is attached to his wife and children. He holds a master's degree from a prominent university and has only a common school education. He is extremely modest and is never so happy as when posing for his picture.

His hobbies are collecting etchings and fishing for tunny on his Wyoming ranch which is situated in Florida. He divides his winters among Southern California, the Scottish moors and his bungalow in Quogue, where he is often seen helping his wife with the dishes, especially if there are any roto-gravure photographers around. He is a mere youngster and has been in the big leagues fifteen years. *McC.H.*

Entangling Appliances

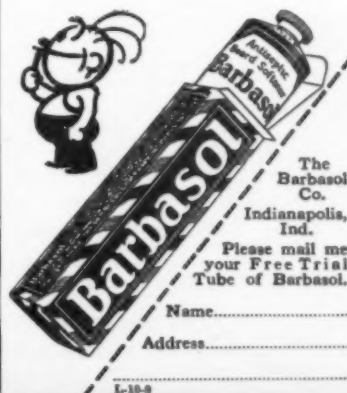
GUEST (in Southern hotel, to waiter): Have you such a thing as an oyster fork?

WAITER: One 'em li'l fo'ks? Naw, suh, boss; dis am a American plan hotel.

A JUDGE is the man in a court who gets the last guess.

"When a Feller Needs a Friend"

Along comes Barbasol. The quick, new, easy way to shave. No brush. No rub-in. Leaves your face satin smooth and cool as cream. Try Barbasol—three times—according to directions. 35c&65ctubes.



For Modern Shaving

"Mum"
is the word!



Girls! Learn the secret

Men admire daintiness as well as beauty, intelligence and personality. Daintiness is *essential* to the charm of feminine appeal.

Learn the secret of guarding your personal daintiness against the unpleasant odor of perspiration and other body odors.

"Mum" is the word! "Mum"—the snow-white deodorant-cream—applied here and there keeps you free from *all* body odors.

"Mum" is so entirely safe that it is used regularly with the sanitary napkin.

25c and 50c at all stores. See Special Offer.

SPECIAL OFFER

\$1.25 worth for \$1 postpaid—25c "Mum"; 25c "Amoray" Talc; the richly fragrant Powder Perfume; and 75c Evans's Depilatory Outfit, the quick, sure way of removing hair. Or "Mum" and "Amoray" Talc—50c worth for 40c postpaid.

Mum Mfg. Co.
1108 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia



Books Received

Temperamental People, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Doran).
The 'Phone Booth Mystery, by John Ironside (Holt).
The Unseemly Adventure, by Ralph Straus (Holt).
A Fool's Hell, by Rosita Forbes (Holt).
Rue with a Difference, by Charles Recht (Boni & Liveright).
Moses, by Lawrence Langner (Boni & Liveright).
Primitive Religion, by Robert H. Lowie (Boni & Liveright).
Imaginary Lives, by Marcel Schwob (Boni & Liveright).
Standardized Mah Jong, by Lee Foster Hartman (Harper).
January, by Katherine Plevdell Bouverie (Boni & Liveright).
Ilana, by Konrad Bercovici (Boni & Liveright).
Beasts, Men and Gods, by Ferdinand Ossendowski (Dutton).
My Memories of Eighty Years, by Chauncey M. Depew (Scribner).
Plays, by Jacinto Benavente (Scribner).
Oil, by Walter Gilkyson (Scribner).
Isle of Eden, by Laura Lee Davidson (Minton, Balch).
The Priceless Pearl, by Alice Duer Miller (Dodd, Mead).
The Coming of Amos, by William J. Locke (Dodd, Mead).
A Reader's Guide Book, by May Lamberton Becker (Holt).
Man and Mystery in Asia, by Ferdinand Ossendowski (Dutton).
What Does Your Child Weigh? by Edith B. Lowry, M. D. (Forbes & Company).
Laugh It Off, by Strickland Gillilan (Forbes & Company).
Social Usage in America, by Margaret Wade (Crowell).
Materia Critica, by George Jean Nathan (Knopf).
Brownstone Front, by Gilbert W. Gabriel (Century).

Motes from a Motor

A Mean Thought

A joy by one and all attested
Is seeing some one else arrested.

A Disclaimer

If in the mirror oft I gaze
'Tis not my face to see,
But merely to observe the ways
Of the cop who follows me.

Warning

Beware the car whose crumpled mud-
guards tell
Of one who backs not wisely but too
well.

G. S. C.

Professor Blotter Spends the Summer

PROFESSOR BLOTTER, whose search for a vest pocket big enough to hold a vest-pocket kodak brought him national attention, has returned from a profitable month in the country.

As usual, the Professor gave his efforts to relieving suffering among the summer colonies. His achievement is well known of the hybrid mosquito with spikes on its feet so that it could scratch the bite after it finished stinging; but little credit so far has attached to his efforts to eliminate the poisonous menace by crossing the plant with something that has either thorns or a bad smell. The Professor is patient.

During the summer, the Professor said, he was also interested to observe hotel guests buying postal cards of their hotels, and then spending hours on their stomachs trying to locate their windows so that they could mark them with an "X". The kind-hearted scien-

-don't "ashes"! eat

White bread, cured meats, plain water, etc., are "ashes," i. e., devitalized foods. The pure fuel is whole grains, fresh meats, raw fruits and vegetables, nuts, dairy produce, etc.

A furnace that has been fed ashes for years may, perhaps, have supplied a flickering flame. Immediately when good fuel is supplied it yields heat.

Likewise, immediately a human being is supplied wholesome food suited to his occupation he will acquire energy even if he has not known sufficient energy for 20 years or more.

When a brain worker eats chiefly muscle meals, he is eating foods that are ashes to him.

Waterless Brain-Nerve Meals

For lawyers, for special stress without fatigue. Singers prevent colds by solvent meals. Sick persons, any disease, can begin to eliminate cause by improved functions from nerve-meals.

Educational booklet 10 cents. Over 6,000 pupils.

BRINKLER SCHOOL OF EATING
Dept. 37M, 131 W. 72nd St., New York



tist showed me blueprints he had made of a new hotel in which all the bars in the windows will be set crosswise in the shape of X's, in order to overcome this difficulty.

"Then there will be no danger of any postals going home with the wrong windows marked, bringing subsequent complications and possibly divorce," he told me proudly.

"But if all the windows are marked 'X', how will the guests tell which are their windows?" I asked.

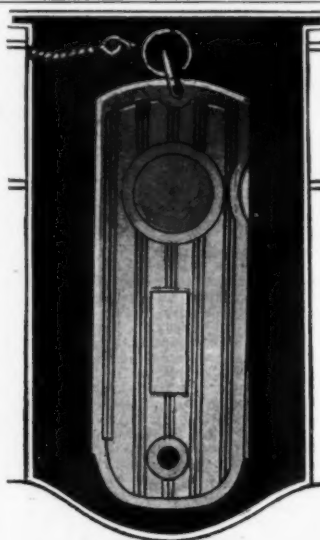
He thought a moment and then said: "They can open all the other windows just before the picture is taken."

"Extraordinary!" I said.

"I just used my mind," he glowed modestly.

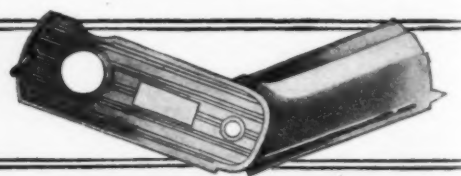
"All the more extraordinary!" I added.

C. H. F.



Business Executives:

Razo-Nife with your trade-mark and advertisement etched on the handle will make an outstanding piece of good-will advertising for your business. Its handsome appearance and genuine utility make it good for a lifetime of constant use—the assurance of permanent advertising for your firm. Ask for special quantity prices.



RAZO-NIFE

for the other end of your watch chain

Here's the neatest, handiest little pocket knife you ever saw and the most unusual, since it's always sharp—a keen razor edge whenever you want it, because its blade is a cast-off safety razor blade.

Think of it—just slip the old blade out and a new one into place and you've a new keen edge; only takes a jiffy—no screws or fasteners—just snaps into place.

Razo-Nife is a handsome piece of cutlery and an ideal gift for anyone. Made of solid jeweler's-grade nickel silver with a neat design etched on the handle.

Put Razo-Nife down on your Xmas list. Will ship yours in Holly Boxes if requested.

Price, as illustrated, each, **\$1.00**

We can also supply Razo-Nife with the emblem of any national fraternal organization etched on the handle, each at **\$1.50**

THE GREENDUCK CO.,
1725-41 West North Ave., Chicago.

Life-10-9

Enclosed find \$.....for.....Razo-Nives.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Papa, Tell Us a Story

NOW you're in for it! What will you tell them? Not that old chestnut that you told at the club banquet and that was such a fizzle. Besides, the children all know that one. They heard you rehearsing it.

Why not let Crosby, Sullivant, Shaver, Williams and Dickey tell the story for you? They *know* how to do it. Just bring out a copy of LIFE. There won't be anything left for you to do but to join in the laughter.

LIFE has more juvenile friends and admirers than any other grown-up magazine, and it contains less harmful and more helpful material. It stimulates the growing sense of humor and gives it something to bite on. Would you give a dollar to keep your children happy and contented? Then—

*Obey That Impulse and Sign the
Trial Coupon*

Life

Starting next week with the Collectors' Number, an especially brilliant line-up will be presented, including the Political, Girl Scouts, Football, Thanksgiving and Christmas Numbers.

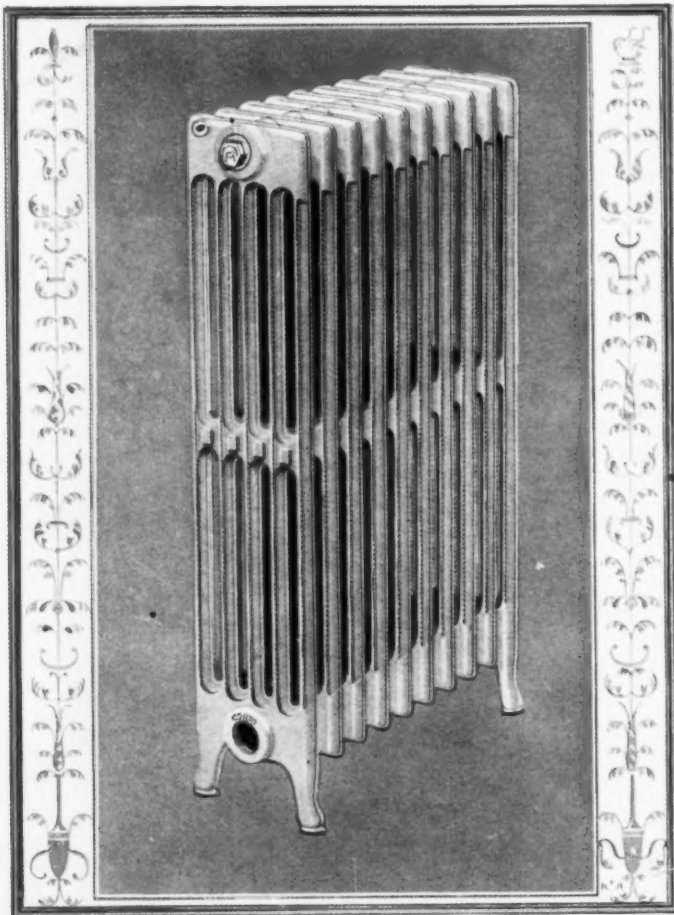
Dear LIFE,
I want to keep
Gussie (Mary,
Harold, Nina) quiet
for Ten Weeks!
Here's a dollar (Cana-
dian, \$1.20; Foreign,
\$1.40), and God bless you!

352

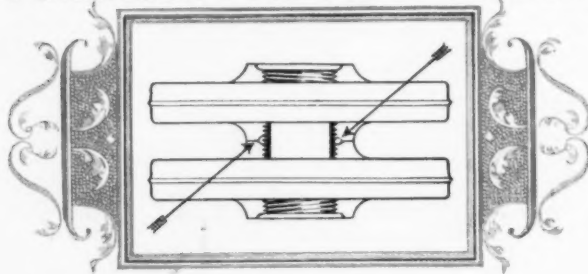
LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City
One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

• LIFE •

CORTO *The Radiator Classic*



Threaded joints make
American Radiators the best



ALL AMERICAN RADIATORS, including CORTO, are held tightly together by especially annealed right and left hand threaded radiator joints. This is an exclusive feature. It banishes unsightly connecting rods; it insures tight joints and perfect alignment forever; it makes it simple and easy for your Heating Contractor to add or subtract sections if requirements change.

Your Heating Contractor is our Distributor
AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

To LOUIS COURTOT, engineer of our French company, belongs the honor of designing the "radiator classic"

To quote his own words, he sought a "radiator so repeating the chaste lines of classic architecture that it may justly be regarded as *an object of art.*" And CORTO combines beauty with warming power of maximum efficiency

CORTO's slender columns bring quick response from the hot water or steam. It heats quickly. So effective are the design and arrangement of the columns that CORTO occupies 30% less floor space

The additional cost of these fine features is a trifle in the construction of a home. And for it you gain high heating efficiency, a saving in valuable floor space and a permanent addition to the charm of the house

Ask your architect to specify CORTO, and send for the book which describes its advantages in full.

HOME OWNERS
HOME BUILDERS
HOME PLANNERS
Send for this Book



AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

DEPT. 214, 1803 ELMWOOD AVENUE
BUFFALO, N.Y.

My home has _____ rooms. Send me your CORTO Radiator booklet illustrated in color; also a book describing the IDEAL Boiler designed for a home the size of mine.

Name _____

Address _____

Town, State _____

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